

TALENT IN MEDICINE

The medical profession is not different from other workforce sharing with them all common interests, hobbies and talents. The majority of these activities are unrelated to medicine. Many are musicians, performers, artists, writers, critics, astronomers, photographers, etc., not to mention their excellence in the world of sports. On the other hand, there are also instances when the practice of these activities takes the form of applied interpretation of what they know in human pathobiology and the concerned function. Thus some may be historians of clinical practice, clinical pharmacologists of locally used herbs, or clinical therapists of locally practiced folk medicine.

This section of the Bahrain Medical Bulletin will be devoted to "Talents in the Medical Profession" to show and exchange with others common interests and applied experience. Contributors are therefore welcomed to submit their presentation. This issue contains two poems titled "I THINK: A MYTH" and "BUBBLES".

The Chief Editor

BUBBLES

The world started, say a million years ago or such,
Humanity started soon after on our planet earth.
Billions of people here lived and have also gone,
Each had, say about a hundred years of life span.

Billions are now living, each with a limited time sojourn,
They're in the queue to go the way their predecessors have gone.
They see people leave the planet earth to a space unknown,
They too must go anytime soon, this does not easily dawn!

Bubbles arise and bubbles burst, such is also the human clan,
Bubbles won't stay; they can't stay; that's the Nature's plan.
They serve the desired purpose of Nature and then they are gone,
All coming, going is a game that Nature plays with its bubbly pawns.

You say, 'this land is mine, that house is mine, huge wealth is mine,
My family is fine, devoted to me and mine, so I live on cloud nine.'
Dear, hundreds, nay thousands before you had called this land theirs,
'What if they've gone, I'm here to stay; I am a different heir.'

Bubble, O arrogant bubble, you'll soon burst without a prick,
Call nothing your own, be it a mud house or a golden brick!
Remember you are a traveler; you'll leave everything and go,
Thank Nature every moment, be at peace and watch the show!

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'I THINK': A MYTH

I was going to sleep the other day,
Everything was o.k., nice and gay.
I lay on the bed; on a pillow rested my head,
I closed my eyes to sleep and rest.

But there was to be no sleep that day,
Soon as I closed my eyes, the mind got awake.
Random thoughts of events of near or long past,
Started roaming in my head as I lay aghast.

I sincerely wanted to rest and sleep, believe you me,
I had no intention to think about you or me.
But thoughts when started were quite automatic,
Howsoever I resisted them they won't be static.

An hour, another and yet another passed,
The thoughts won't stop, the thoughts didn't stop.
I got fed up, I started to toss and turn,
It wasn't of any use, by now the sleep had run.

I was driving my car, sitting behind the steering wheel,
My eyes were open but in my mind went on another reel.
The argument that happened in the office some other day,
Kept revising itself in the head without my intent or pray.

Whenever I've not occupied my mind in a constructive way,
Some thoughts immediately start as chatter in my head's bay.
The flow of thoughts is continuous, repetitive, often meaningless,
They keep coming though I will them not, I intend them less.

You think, you think; but do you really think you think?
How often have you thought even when you didn't want to think?
Do you digest your food or circulate your blood? – No, it happens,
Likewise, 'I think' is a myth, for thinking just happens*.
In your head it happens! You watch it as it happens!

*Eckhart Tolle: A New Earth: Awakening to your life's purpose. Penguin Books, 2006

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